

# Bard

Bard College  
**Bard Digital Commons**

---

Robert Kelly Manuscripts

Robert Kelly Archive

---

9-2015

sep2015

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk\\_manuscripts](https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts)

---

## Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "sep2015" (2015). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 1374.  
[https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk\\_manuscripts/1374](https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/1374)

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@bard.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@bard.edu).

# Bard

= = = = =

**Rabbit rabbit  
they say in Kentucky  
start of a new month  
but what do we say here?  
The silence of every beginning,  
fish joyous in the quiet deep.  
City people don't know  
how to say hello.**

**1 September 2015**

## **YACHT**

**Sounds like a vulgar  
word in the mouth of an islander.  
People whose money were family  
\_\_\_\_. Then to the sea.  
I like for that.**

**1 September 2015**

= = = = =

Who is that strange  
woman up there  
scorches me with her glance,

hurts the skin but turns  
to air inside me,  
her word as used

always new?

1 September 2015

= = = = =

**Ah if only freedom started with fall weather  
not the Profession that is always beginning again  
and never gets there, the weary Doctors,  
the patients discharged half-cured.  
But start again and know that every chip  
in the marble of ignorance comes  
close to revealing the Greek statue within.  
Deplorable metaphor! Leave that alone,  
they are gods just as they are.**

**2 September 2015**

= = = = =

Where does the blood come from  
that runs the rink? Why can't I  
decant my own joy and serve it up?  
Language is a skeptic beast,  
Thrusting too hard or fading too soon.  
What I say floods in the sea of words —  
we wear our wetsuits to stay dry.

2 September 2015

**= = = = =**

**A hummingbird  
just looked in my window  
to tell me I was right  
in what I was thinking —  
commitment is the answer,  
commitment to the rose.**

**2 September 2015**

**= = = = =**

**To recruit you to my army  
to battle no enemy  
but myself — that's  
why I want you to be poets.**

**3 September 2015**



**= = = = =**

**Heavy truck goes by  
roses don't stir —  
equanimity might be  
right here paradise.**

**(**

**3 September 2015**

= = = = =

Only to be hard to be —  
licit leaves, illicit flowers?  
Certainly they flee  
at leisure from the weather.  
We all go down.  
Make a song of it,  
a game between the thighs  
as if there were an answer  
there or anywhere.

4 September 2015

= = = = =

Nature teases us with novelty  
we answer with cruelty.  
Yesterday the trap of dead and dying snakes  
someone set out to rid nature of,  
the anger, of what men (I mean men)  
do. Years since I'd seen something  
so pointlessly heartlessly cruel.  
Among the rocks\* where such persons  
like to rest and hide. We too  
have enemies I suppose. Or  
are they just ourselves?

4 September 2015

= = = = =

Carrying wicker baskets on their heads  
men and women step down to the Nile  
could be any river, could be you, Beth  
on Mississippi's neck or Vyt on East,  
you never know, the walk so far,  
pyramid so high, the mud so rich  
appealing. Seldom wear shoes, payment  
in onions and winter bread, music  
(they call it) provided by the management.  
Do the syllables suit the picture, image  
of what I thought was mind? Likely not.  
I hope the ordinary train is running yet.

4 September 2015

= = = = =

It's hot today  
despite it is.  
The usual lament  
from overheated  
meat.

There are circles  
in the air  
I think are people  
walking home  
from work

they call it  
but nothing happens  
nothing changes  
as if work too  
is just a breeze

sifting through our  
agonies, leaving  
nothing behind.  
Or is it I mean am I  
just too hot?

4 September 2015

= = = = =

**Save water from auspicious days —  
bottle, preserve it.  
Water carries time in it.**

**The alchemist decants time.  
Time does all our work for us —  
we just have to know  
how to wait,  
*and what to wait for.***

**The signs. The reminds.**

**5 September 2015**

= = = = =

No one times the circuit  
of the bird, this blue affair  
who used to love us more  
by morning anthems of its own

or for years the living sky was dark  
with thousands of icterids —  
you know those, blackbirds, cowbirds,  
grackles going to nest each night

in the marshes by Cruger's island.  
No more. We were on \_\_\_ way then,  
not now. All of them are all that time  
writing a script we never learned,

need to now, scroll of sky  
and what they mean, and mean  
us to recognize as they cry past  
or leave my bedroom window quiet today.

5 September 2015

**= = = = =**

**Go back to bed  
and learn a Tarot card  
no one has ever seen  
and everyone will recognize.**

**5.IX.15**



= = = = =

There are days when  
things are  
where you expect  
to find them and then not.

Things flow in time  
too, not just you.  
Angry engines move  
placid people around.

Travel exists  
as a commodity people  
even take pleasure  
from going.

So (as was  
famously said)  
it moves . I resist  
as long as it can.

5 September 2015

= = = = =

Hummingbirds fewer.  
The long march  
has begun.  
*NachSüden!*  
A jungle waits  
for them abaft.  
They leave us  
a glass feeder  
half-full of *lucent*  
*sirops* color of our lips.

5 September 2015

= = = = =

I am an emergency  
and always is.  
Help me, ignore me  
like a door  
to a room where all  
kinds of things are stored  
you don't need now.  
Or ever maybe.  
A door screeches  
for attention, hands on,  
aperture, closure,  
being of use. Use me  
I cry, at your peril  
nobody, least of all  
me, know what's inside.

5 September 2015

= = = = =

It makes me  
sad to think  
sometimes we  
will never  
sing together.  
But what does  
time know  
of never, forever?  
Those are only  
notes of our sad  
song, see, we were  
singing all the while.

5 September 2015

= = = = =

*for Steven Holl*

And when the work is finally done  
the glints of pure blue autumn sky  
that pierce and peer and gleam  
through dense leaves of trees'  
innumerable green, these  
very lights will pierce the opaque wall  
and bring those magic lights  
into the normal dark of the interior —  
*lights*, at last not just light to see by  
but light to see, integrally signifying,  
that momentary pattern of (say) one  
late summer afternoon made eternal.  
Glimpse of the weather of heaven.

**6 September 2015**

## **HIBISCUS**

**Its roses linger  
a bower for bees  
and transient hummingbirds,  
linger pale as mouths,  
ours, soft in speech,  
this is as far  
south as we go.  
Old migrant flowers  
all of us maybe  
finally home.**

**6 September 2015**

= = = = =

**I'm just like Tolstoi!  
Only no title of nobility  
no thousand acres  
no *War and Peace*  
no serfs to liberate  
except all these words.  
Otherwise exactly the same.**

**6 September 2015**

= = = = =

I'm too strange to be me anymore  
there must be some faucet to turn it off,  
my appetite is slow, I crave peculiar things,  
sensations, textures, the fall of light.  
Gaps, that's what I love, gaps. The spaces  
between, they sing so loud, sometimes  
they are the only words I know how to hear.

6 September 2015



## **WHAT THE BUDDHA TAUGHT**

**Harm nobody  
help everybody  
and tame your mind**

**or to put it another  
way don't harm  
anybody, don't do  
anything wrong  
and tame your mind**

**or to put it yet another  
way don't be poisonous  
just be virtuous  
and tame your mind**

**or in other words  
keep from doing wrong  
do what good you can  
and tame your mind**

**or as we might say  
stop hurting  
start helping  
but whatever you**

**do, tame your mind.  
In other words  
tame your mind.  
I mean tame your mind.**

**6 September 2015**

***[for the KTC Labor Day party, 7.IX.15]***

= = = = =

**Eyebright afterlife  
all we see  
belongs to we  
see it**

**as a proposition,  
euphrasia maybe,  
one name  
good as another.**

**Walking on the parapet,  
this bridge, this  
river no suicide  
decides. The sea instead**

**comes up to me.**

**7 September 2015**

## **LABOR DAY**

**Such strange  
days we holi-**

**days of our poor  
remembering**

**still, honor  
Lincoln maybe**

**for one great right  
among those mortal wrongs.**

**7 September 2015**

= = = = =

Until there is a law  
permitting me  
I suppose outlawry  
and woodcraft, free-  
masonry and green leaves  
will be the fate  
of most of us friends,  
feel of this society.

、  
7 September 2015

**= = = = =**

**Grumpy holiday mind.  
Because they don't  
holi- the right days:  
Emancipation. Forgiveness.  
Love One Another. Stay Home.**

**7 September 2015**

## **NOISES AT NIGHT**

**Caught between—  
or careful enough—  
not sleepy in the tubes  
that run me. Need me.**

**Wake. The middle night  
is kind of rapturous—  
a stone fallen from a dog's mouth,  
say, or a prince  
travelling incognito the subways  
of some dark realm's metropolis  
— all those cathedrals! —  
and in the marketplace  
newly-healed lepers sell bananas—  
how well dapsons work,  
our newish drug: therapy, rigor,  
academy, ministry  
of transmigration annual report.**

**See, all these things  
I don't have to dream about now,  
they're all outside me,  
images shredded into sentences,  
full of peace. That is what  
religion does for you,  
calm sea, steady hands**

but no sleep. A quick  
small noise in my body  
(you have one too) like  
an animal in the woods,  
a small one too, crying  
out calmly, innocent  
as owls, quiet, then quiet.

These sounds, are they in me,  
are they in my house  
or are they out  
there, beyond. How big  
is a body anyway,  
these sounds confuse me,  
can I even reach  
the edges of me?  
And if they are in me  
what do they become out there  
for (as we say) real?  
Who hears them?  
Isn't it so liberating  
to be alone! I keep asking.

The deer don't show themselves.  
The things I like to talk about  
are not so interesting now.  
The river. The rafters. The real.  
These noises in the night, though,



they're worth imagining.

But do I even have the authority  
to hear them? Should I be sleeping  
like vinegar or vines or Samothrace,  
all my stones still underground,  
not hurting language by hearing?  
Oh Mexico, you have broken  
so many hearts! My lips too  
are wet but it will not rain.

Nobody. But nearby a need.  
Trying to tell. So many left,  
I cant begin all over again  
can I? Can I walk years later  
just past your same window  
and bother you with what I think  
when you are all sole silky inside?  
And can I even call it thinking,  
hot night and waning moon  
and images of unseen things?  
Where does the boat come in  
to rescue you from my imagination?  
Stop reading now, right now,  
before the actual animal arrives.

I don't even know what kind  
it is or was or will be, its feet  
are on the stairs now. Or stars.  
Is it in the house or out?

What can sounds tell us of reality  
I asked. Uncle Martin wasn't listening  
so I told him I loved his gentle daughter  
before I even ever had a chance.  
She gave me a book though, one  
turned into many, made me, some  
I had to write myself, but still  
they all were hers. Midnight again.  
So many words and none speak.

2.  
That tells me there is such a thing as time  
and it flows around me.  
I am a stone.  
A stone that makes noises  
inside itself that then come out,  
come out as voices in the night  
who'd believe them?  
But you hear them, would hear me  
if I recorded what they scream.  
Decoded. *I heard her*  
*crying no one's name,*  
*no one's one true name.*  
Trees put up with all our liturgies,  
drama queens, articulate  
anxieties so shrill— but who is  
that out there, pretending to be the dark?

Noises at night — what else

have we ever had,  
what else have I ever given you?  
Those noises I lie there  
listening to me in, then rise  
to pretend to meet them there,  
wherever there is that is not me,  
the night is never one of us.

My body won't let me sleep —  
maybe I have never slept  
and all those raw unconsciousnesses  
were somewhere else, some force  
borrowing my drowsy notice  
to display some other landscape,  
people I do not know, hands  
I will never touch again. People  
not on the moon or glamorous Aldebaran,  
just on the other side of town  
and there is nothing bigger  
than our town, and nobody further away.  
Shuttered pool hall, shut-down bus depot,  
steam room at the Y cool now,  
I would be the last to remember  
of course, forgive me, detail  
suspiciously absent from this account,  
o how I fear an image, how it lingers,  
how it occupies the mind.  
How it lasts. And now the noises.  
The unwilling intercepts.

**footsteps running, shadows of words.**

**All I mean was sleep  
but I always go a page too far—  
an aching violin? postcard from Lapland?  
I wish there were a language  
I didn't know at all,  
not even that it was one  
or was speaking, just marks  
or noises. Maybe my wish  
is these noises round me, in me,  
the horns of Elfland,  
throb of my carotids?**

**The skull makes everything its own,  
makes a brain inside to store all this,  
the music and the mercy if it is  
when silence starts.  
Put everything away,  
come play with me  
it says. Am I tired enough  
to be me, or do I have to  
listen all night long to my  
arrogant imposture of a speaking mind?  
The stage is bare now—  
I feel the old boards creak beneath my feet.  
Time for my epilogue at last:  
he steps forward,  
the young boy I was, naked,**

with a coat hanger  
in hand uplifted,  
crying, looking for a coat that fits.

7/8 September 2015  
1:02 – 2:09 A.M.

= = = = =

I asked him if any  
of his people followed  
the Cloud Image religion  
practiced further north.

No, he said, quietly.  
But I could see on his face  
a beautiful puzzlement—  
why would anyone wish  
to practice another religion  
when they had their own,  
their Way, their own mistake?

8 September 2015  
(dreamt)

## **WINDOW**

**Last night a breeze,  
feeble, a wheeze  
of breath from old  
trees, a dying  
kind of breath,  
all out, no in  
ever again.**

**8 September 2015**

## **THE HOT DAY**

**Up there the air  
seems to want  
to form clouds  
but too hard, too hot,  
pallor passes  
into blue, to lose  
itself in blue.**

**8 September 2015**

= = = = =

If there were no clouds  
how would we know  
to see?

Those images up there  
are the original alphabets,  
manuscripts, palimpsests  
on which the birds  
scribble their commentaries.  
And if there were  
no birds? No we.

8 September 2015



= = = = =

Between the cars  
the air is quiet.

In those spaces  
it is just as it was

a thousand years ago,  
similar insects

similar birds. But  
were they really?

Everything changes.  
Who knows who those

birds and beasts were?  
Another car goes by.

How ignorant we are.

8 September 2015

*(thinking of Irby)*

Ken, it takes a long time  
to say goodbye. Even starting  
is not easy. No handkerchief  
(my red bandanna, your neatly  
folded slightly yellowed cotton)  
to pluck out and wave farewell.

No signs. No bells.  
Empty fields and cars passing  
fast. That's what we all have,  
maybe that's all we know.  
Fill spaces with learned guesswork,  
copy mockingbird tactics to be lyrical.

sing other people's songs.  
I have been trying all that, music  
is so lonely. Mahler. Even Rossini  
at his cheeriest accelerando  
is an old jalopy disappearing up a highway  
at the close of a cartoon. Maybe.  
Maybe the more we know each other  
the less there is to say.

That's what tears are for, I suppose,  
crystal pure they are, salty, smudging  
out the normal face we wear, our  
expression. That expresses nothing.  
But my tears don't come easy — those  
fountains by our age are worn dry  
by sorrows innumerable (as we are taught

to call them, though they have numbers too).  
Bone dry fountain in my skull,  
dry pods from the catalpa trees  
alphabetting our parched lawns.

....

And all this is just about me, how I  
cant rouse to speak the natural encomium  
about how and who you are  
after all you were. Just about me—  
me is where such sorrow lives.

....

8 September 2015

= = = = =

The parsonage the retreat  
the what you need  
when you don't need it

the Self, that alabaster figurine  
they bought at the fleamarket,  
parents, and handed it to you,

voila. I bought a ring there once  
gold-plated to wed me  
to myself, isn't that what a wedding is,

a thing instead of a marriage?

9 September 2015

**= = = = =**

**Natural skepticism  
of the stay-at-home explorer,  
John Muir of the mezzanine,  
Sherpa of sofas.  
Don't expect much altitude from moi.**

**9 September 2015**

= = = = =

What would it mean  
if it had meaning?  
Chessman toppled over—  
bishop, queen?—  
rolls from square to square  
till stopped by one upright—  
even a pawn. See,  
we belong to the weather.

9 September 2015

= = = = =

Can't sleep can't wake  
it's trying to tell me  
the pain of being quiet  
is eased by silence—  
something like that.  
A light that forgets  
to go out, that can be  
worse than darkness  
it said. No mountains.  
No birds. Just one  
flickering in the sky.

9 September 2015

## ESSIMUS BELIEVING THE SKY

He had once been  
someone else already  
now prone to be you  
if you give him a chance.

Who could he be  
otherwise? Essimus  
is from the same country,  
eyes like yours, refuses  
to go to the same  
church that you too reject.

The likenesses are uncanny  
people say. But people  
will say anything. And all  
resemblances are weird.

Essimus — the name  
sounds a little like pessimist  
or like Latin *edimus*,  
let's eat. But means  
I'm not sure. Might  
have *esse* in it, 'to be.'  
Or *mus* might mean must  
or Latin again, this  
time meaning 'mouse.'



Over Essimus's head  
a crow cries once, twice,  
as if to tell me  
the real meaning of the name  
but I don't understand.  
But Essimus is timid  
and at the crow's call  
he runs and hides.  
Now we have to guess  
where an Essimus would hide.

10 September 2015

= = = = =

I'll tell the story again  
a different way. One  
where you love me instead.  
The huge power of ignorance,  
Kansas, Nebraska. The blond  
middle of everything.  
Already yellow leaves  
are falling, but even so  
people still believe you.

Or me. This way  
the story has softer hands  
and less resistance.  
The elevator door opens  
we see the whole thing,  
closes again. Why do they  
(angels) display such  
movie out-takes to us?  
Why do they wipe them away?  
Or is that what we do.  
real work of our minds to forget?

10 September 2015

= = = = =

Storm approaches,  
wind leads the way.  
I love the things you say  
not just to me—  
I'm only part of your city,  
could we exist  
without each other?  
Apples are ripening  
right over the hill,  
generous afterthoughts  
of those sweet white  
April blossoms back then.  
The passage is wide open,  
it is right for pantheists  
to be a little bit afraid.  
And the sun is gone too.

10 September 2015

= = = = =

A horsecart draws the dead  
three centuries past, the plague  
the strange thing  
thinks on a cool late summer morning  
hibiscus still in blossom  
but most of its former customers  
the hummingbirds done south.  
Already. The thing about time.  
History. How things smelled,  
houses in war, eager diseases.  
The smell of time. Beauty  
of flower full of remember.

11 September 2015

## **A DAY ALLOWED**

**to be here, I don't have to  
be somewhere else, just here  
this temple to Demeter  
this lime tree,  
Persephone.**

**We are measured  
by what we remember  
or the way  
things met in books  
welcome us with outrageous  
presence  
when we finally,  
chancefully, meet them  
again for the first time  
in real life,  
the Dogana,  
the Black Sea,  
Iron Gates,  
the profile of a dear friend  
with Everest on the horizon  
when all the elsewhere  
fold into here.**

**2.**

**Where I am allowed  
to wake**

in a simple world  
of breakfasts,  
artichokes, old men drinking  
coffee — how much cream they add!—  
slow elevators, hip-hop  
from passing convertibles.  
Round Top on this horizon,  
all the nice now.

I know nothing  
about this place, nada,  
just the place  
itself all alone.

3.  
What am I after here  
with all these pointless specifics?  
Maybe specifics  
are the only things we really  
have to say.

4.  
Something about a tree,  
a poem, a knee,  
all my life.

I wear my skin for you.  
I am a priest of something I'm not sure—  
that's what I'm after,  
to perform the cultic rites

with all the scruples at my command  
and let no day pass  
without a Mass

but don't pin me down,  
priests are not about theology,  
don't ask me Who or Whom,  
a priest is about praise,

little words and cups of blood or wine  
and offering itself to itself  
all the time, every blessed day—

what else is there to give?  
What else to give it to?

5.  
Verbal solution to verbal puzzle  
but the heart is pure,

Persephone loves me  
even when her name is Jesus,

I am one of the shades she rules,  
she is the Sky Father brings me home

Or she is the pundit who tells me why.  
And why is the doorway of how.

**C:\Users\Cloudconvert\Server\Files\118\347\1\D9de6d52-D316-4f2e-9fff-6f7abe735efc\Convertdoc.Input.657040.Xc6hk.Docx 55**

**12 September 2015**



**= = = = =**

**These things say me.  
But soon the ink  
will let things sleep.**

**Cars are resting in the sun.  
Soon they'll bring me the paper  
and tell me who I am.**

**12 September 2015**

= = = = =

Sit still. See  
what taste silence  
leaves in the mouth.  
Nothing has to be  
explained, nothing  
inferred. Delius  
on the radio. Or  
is that too talking too?

12 September 2015

= = = = =

Bring more peaches  
I haven't had even one  
all summer and now  
it's September.  
What kind of haiku  
do you people run,  
my lips dry, no  
sweet dribble on my chin?

12 September 2015

## OBLIGATIONS

1.

Somehow being ready for the next thing  
I don't think you're all that interested  
in the specifics of my desire-system  
that array of infamous intentions  
the French call *dispositif de l'âme*.  
Or if they don't, they should.

2.

Miracle-wise I'm better off in Vienna  
from underground in the Capuchin Crypt  
alone with the dead empress, to high  
boxcar in the sky on the Giant Wheel  
over the leafy Prater, the three realms  
Dumézil tells us of: Zeus up there,  
Poseidon all around us, and Hades  
the unseen below all that exists.  
And when he says Hades he means Persephone.  
Or if he doesn't, he certainly should.

3.

Catching up with the Mexican poets  
counts. They matter  
to a new language, something growing  
between us. They remind us  
things have gender too. It's we  
who should be free of masculine and feminine.  
leave such things to the moon and the sky.  
They remind us we are only voices in the night  
and somebody else owns the night.  
And if they don't, they should.

12 September 2015

## **NOWS**

**1.**

**Being near enough  
losing the calendar  
but saving the day.**

**2.**

**this cuneiform morning  
my hand gouging the sky  
to make it words**

**3.**

**to be now is a dicey business  
with memory always serving up  
weird cocktails of what never was  
or was it and now you have to decide  
or think you do and there goes now.**

**4.**

**Now is a cow.  
Milk her**

**for all my needs.**

**Drink fresh  
ferment healthy  
harden to cheese.**

**This milk of now  
is all you need,  
come lean against my cow**

**feel her warm breath.  
A cow is now.  
A cow allows.**

**13 September 2015**

= = = = =

Deep in the roots  
but the root-tips  
lead to the Other Side,  
the invisible kingdom of the very small  
where all the music is,  
and lives, and seethes upward  
into the hollow of our ears,  
those *porches* of the soul  
where we sit or stand  
waiting for the door to open

14 September 2015



= = = = =

Exact as could be  
a kind of mirror  
listen to me  
I am loose in the forest  
only the fountain  
knows my face,  
never says who I am.  
Only its own name  
steadily, quietly pronouncing  
*aqua, aqua*  
while the autumn leaves sift  
early down, a punctuation.

14 September 2015

= = = = =

Mess is measurement  
chipmunks romp  
*mulot* is field mouse?  
hard to believe  
language when it chirps from a tree,  
right there, above  
the neglected hummingbirdfeeder  
(one word good Germanic), all  
the migrations underway,  
the *urge to the south*  
takes over beasts with quick  
metabolisms, to the south  
or to sleep, hibernation,  
that other Yucatan  
where art sleeps too  
and stones learn how to speak

15 September 2015

Measurement of stars  
begins by the yard —  
we have to know how  
many armlengths to Alcyone  
is that who I mean  
or Alpha Centauri, closest  
of all the candles  
in what they claim is the sky.  
But we know better.  
The lights are all there are.

15 September 2015

= = = = =

Points of toast  
from another century  
not that long ago

to dip or mingle  
with creamed something  
chicken a la king they

used to call it  
or tuna at MoMA  
remember

Ernst and Walkowitz  
words in the members lounge  
slim slices of pimento

winter sunlight terrace  
faint taste of garlic  
Matisse is still alive.

15 September 2015

= = = = =

I have not even named the day  
and here I am permitted to speak  
my blindfold removed, the sacred  
duct tape peeled off my lips ouch  
it is no small thing to have words  
in the mouth and spit them out  
to decorate the sidewalk the way  
gum leaves dark leaf shapes behind,  
we walk all over art and never  
know it, Frank Stella knows it, his  
head in the aluminum clouds  
that one day will rescue our cheap earth.

15 September 2015

## **S T E L L A**

**When I met a poet named Stella, not Swift comes to mind but the long trailing roots — mycelia? — of words. How stella is an L reflex of the sacred L/R variation that pervades so many languages and the relationships between their speakers — *So solly*, we hear the Japanese say, and they hear us playing *besu-boru* in the World Series. L and R, stella and star. Stella means star. It is the same word, or flowers from the same root. Latin, of the Italo-Celtic branch of the (imaginary) Indo-European tree, Latin has Stella. But Greek, right across the Adriatic, has Aster. star. Forget the vowels for a moment. aSTeR, STaR, STeLLa. But those roots spread wide— in India we find the goddess \*Stara, the Star, the Girl of Compassion, Kindness, Playfulness, Help in Need : her name has shortened to Tara, invoked and honored by Buddhists all over the world. And in Persia she gave her name to the secretly Jewish queen Esther, eSTheR, the Hebrew way of hearing the star goddess, the deity whom other Near Eastern peoples worshipped as Ishtar or Astarte. Always a star. Stella means star. All we know directly of a star is the light it gives. A star gives light. Or as far as we can tell, a star is what it gives.**

**15 September 2015**

= = = = =

A different (new?)  
physical space  
just opened in my head.

With no thought in it,  
no pain, no image in it  
but from the outside

it seemed (felt?) big  
as a white moving van  
lurching to a stop sign.

So here I am on the other side  
of myself again, a clueless  
ranger in my own woods.

16 September 2015

= = = = =

When you speak about  
(or to?) sensations  
everything is at risk.

Blue eyes, brown eyes,  
makes no difference,  
strangers are all strange.

One rose catches the rising sun  
one rose stands near a little wooden bridge  
wind pressing in her petals.

Help. Memory is mutiny.  
How it feels. How it means.  
Terror of description.

Something feels different  
now — let it go at that.  
Resemblance is fatal.

Metaphor is a mortal sin.

16 September 2015



= = = = =

Symbolism or mechanism?  
Or is there a difference—

don't pray the rosary  
while eating onions—

is superstition really  
an *overstanding*

a seeing the truth of things,  
all the interrelations of things

from high above  
so we can see the links

the causeless causes,  
onions leaching

our syllables from the sky?

17 September 2015

= = = = =

**Humidity  
walks under the door  
around the windowframe  
down the chimney.  
Water finds us  
when it can.  
We are swimmers  
in that god's house,  
the air is full of her  
and when she finds us  
she comes home.**

**17 September 2015**

= = = = =

*he has seen the Spider*

Cool breeze green trees  
leisure hour  
time to think  
birthday coming  
of a dead friend.

17 September 2015

**C:\Users\Cloudconvert\Server\Files\118\347\1\D9de6d52-D316-4f2e-9fff-6f7abe735efc\Convertdoc.Input.657040.Xc6hk.Docx 75**

**= = = = =**

**Crow call  
is all.**

**17.IX.15**

**= = = = =**

**Who is small enough  
to slip through the keyhole**

**into the heart  
the brain and all  
the other weathers  
we keep inside?**

**Who in the world  
is small enough to be me?**

**17 September 2015**

= = = = =

Evasion was bishop  
I was his absent priest.  
Congregations don't need me  
I reasoned, I only stand  
in their way when they look to God.  
There is no God, the bishop said,  
but there is looking. And seeking  
and these things are good for the soul.  
There is no soul, I answered,  
just people talking  
to one another. He smiled:  
Or keeping still.

17 September 2015

= = = = =

Knowing the alternative  
dream vision: local river  
runs through the heart  
between the knees  
the terrible music of far away  
almost drowned out by conscious flow  
o be me river again. where faltering swifts  
stagger after insects as if the air itself  
were full of obstacles  
as only I am,  
in misprision of grammar  
custodian of someone else's language  
I stand at the crossroads  
and pretend to be a sign.  
But I am a gallows uplifted  
from which no villain sways.  
The night is innocent—  
only sound offends,  
all sound is anger  
that hate that hisses through the air.  
No one on my gibbet,  
no one in the pukpit,  
the night leaves us one and all  
alone with our remorse.

**17/18 September 2015**

**= = = = =**

**Any book you buy out of piety  
is a mere gospel  
of an utterly different religion.  
A hand reaches out  
from a page. Truth  
comes and comes again.**

**17/18 September 2015**



= = = =

The sleek alternatives  
mitten slipped off  
the snow is so old  
today Wyoming when  
will my winter come?

It is skin at best,  
at worst a moisture  
between persons — language  
is like that, society  
or war,  
                  trembling  
of the veil, noises even  
from another room  
in an empty house

Scotland over the horizon  
a childish song  
brings me home

where I have never been.  
Autumn answers me  
this week, my own time,  
we live in weather,

**I make too much of it  
but what else does a child know  
but sky and what comes  
out of it and falls and stays?**

**Taste of imperfection, feel  
of someone else's clothes.  
A voice call you,  
a voice you almost recognize.**

**18 September 2015**

= = = = =

1.

The sky dried up  
and blew away.  
Then what did he do?  
Closed eyes, closed ears  
thought about grains  
of earth sifting through  
fingers, marble dust,  
tile floors. tall clocks,  
balconies, mosaics, domes.  
Domes are good to think.  
Especially when the sky  
has gone home and left you,  
him, alone. But always  
there is a street, it goes  
somewhere, bison made it  
ancient passage through woods  
and we followed. He did.  
And that's where he si,  
where the sad river  
runs, road goes, end  
of history kind of feeling,  
eyes still closed.

2.

This little bit  
is all there is.  
Maybe the sky was  
still there when he  
decided to close his eyes.  
Maybe it still is.  
Which comes first,  
the closing or the going  
away? It is hard  
for us, him, to remember.  
He could open  
his eyes right now  
and decide  
the order and nature  
of each thing  
that happens to us, to him.  
But what if he's wrong?

18 September 2015

= = = = =

I want to write about the sky  
because when you're looking  
looking closely at the sky  
you can't be responsible  
for anything else. Can't do wrong  
or right. Abide. Watch  
the sky: it will tell you everything.  
At least everything you can understand.

18 September 2015

## **MERCURY RETROGRADE**

**A little exulting to be done  
among the ferns.**

**Moist shade, hot day'd.**

**.**

**Can I forgive my hands  
for what they have touched.  
And not touched. Forgive**

**the sky for being blue?**

**18 September 2015**

= = = = =

Slave of the physical  
all day long  
at cool of evening  
spirit consult.  
Iced coffee on the terrace.  
These thinglinesses  
are spirit too, the quiet  
breath of being  
whoever you are.

18 September 2015

= = = = =

Soon they'll come out of the woods  
shooting at me. I am not a deer  
but they think I am. I talk too much  
to be a man. Men talk with guns,  
Sometimes I see them stir in the trees,  
leaves lifted by no wind and then let fall.  
I know they're coming. Life after life  
this happens, before I was or will be.

18 September 2015



= = = = =

**No solution.**

**The old get older.**

**They wander around  
aimlessly, do  
no work. They eat.**

**They are the zombies  
we read and see about  
and dread. They suck  
our money, our life blood,  
foul our parks and living rooms  
with their sad presences.  
They have lost all their  
skills, beauty, relevance.  
They keep only their sense  
of preposterous entitlement.  
Easily grieved, never pleased.**

**We pay to keep them  
out of sight in nursing homes  
but they are everywhere,  
they smell dry and sour,  
they have loud voices  
but their speech means nothing.**

Next week I will be eighty  
so soon enough I will be  
one of them. The horror.  
You will see me  
as them, loathe me  
because I have turned into  
what every single  
one of you will become.  
No solution. The living  
dead. Once the old  
had some experience to share.  
Now I wonder. Everything  
has been shared already.  
I have given you all I ever knew  
and then some. Forgive me.  
Forgive me  
for what we will all become.

18 / 19 September 2015

= = = = =

I don't understand heat and cold  
birds chipping in the trees yes  
or squirrels chiding. These  
sort of make sense.

But what my skin encounters  
eludes me. I mean the big  
skin, not those little parts, eyes,  
ears, lips, so specialized—  
*zones of harmonic difference.*

Where did that come from,  
the faraway land of proprioception,  
moon maidens. princes of Saturn?

19 September 2015

= = = = =

Leave glasses on the porch  
in case ghosts want to read.  
All the words are in the lenses  
already, spirit and matter,  
pro and con. A lens is a trigger  
that lets the light decide.  
Declare. I call it morning  
but who knows what time really  
means with all its seeming,—  
the light might be a lens too  
but who would dare to look through it?

19 September 2015

= = = = =

I smell the shampoo  
of the girl next door  
showering right now.  
How intimate  
a quiet morning is,  
soft air telling  
all our secrets.  
Or not all — only  
the ones we put on  
or wash away.  
The real secrets hide deep  
like tomorrow's  
hours in my kitchen clock.

19 September 2015

= = = = =

**A transparent parasol,  
illusion of protection—  
is that what education is?**

**19.IX.15**

= = = = =

I can't count what counts, or only  
the way Franz Kamin described  
Jackson Mac Low when he,  
Franz, tried to teach him,  
Jackson, how to play the piano:  
he counts, but not in numbers.  
We should be better with pronouns  
in English though we're better  
a little than French. We should be better  
at saying what we feel. Is zero  
even a number? Can silence speak?

19 September 2015

= = = = =

Everything changes.  
Everything is a faucet  
that won't turn off.  
I like to think a woman  
is doing it, gently  
taking a quick shower  
in another dimension  
of space-time, a moment  
that lasts our eternity.  
Over there she is exhausted  
from her dreams,  
cities and satins  
stranger than hers.  
The shower refreshes,  
soon she'll be about  
the business of her day.  
But we go on forever  
in the unending flow.

20 September 2015



## **FREUD**

**I wake up wanting  
to hear Freud's actual voice.**

**Don't ask why.**

**I'd been dreaming that right here,  
across the river,  
in Saugerties Freud had  
given as a lecture his *Beyond  
the Pleasure Principle*.  
Death, that is, his *Thanatos*,**

**did he discover death  
in these homely woods of ours  
waiting? Waiting for me?**

**So that's why the dream,  
my birthday coming,  
older and older, hearer  
and nearer?**

**But beyond  
pleasure there is something  
else besides death. Beyond  
the Death Principle is  
equanimity — once possessed,**

**what could take it away?**

**It sails into death  
and out the other side.**

**And I did (thanks to You  
Tube) hear his voice,  
speaking English  
in his English garden  
I visited once  
when he was far from home.**

**20 September 2015**

**= = = = =**

**Blue glass bud vase  
on the window ledge  
dry, empty,  
but holds the whole sky.**

**20 September 2015**

= = = = =

I don't know who they were  
they were so strong  
something I'd later learn  
to call beauty or desire  
cloaked them, I could barely  
look, barely see their faces,  
just their red lips, moving,  
words, smoke, laughter.  
Three women at a table  
in the corner of the kitchen.  
It could never be my house  
again, it belonged  
to their strangeness,  
wrongness, beauty.  
I am shunted by their reality  
to the margins of the world  
seeking the time when  
my turn too would come.

20 September 2015

## ASTRONOMIA

But for all that  
they were swiftly recovering—  
stars are like that  
snug in the huge convertible  
of a nearby galaxy  
they hurry their light past us  
*their minds on something else—*  
*a star is always thinking elsewhere*  
that's how we know.  
That's how they light.

20 September 2015

= = = = =

Could it be possible  
the simple way  
smiled understanding  
once we lived in the mountains

one whole summer  
and a snake!  
Waterholes, stirrups,  
cowcatchers

everything old.  
Whiffletree!  
Cauliflowers and dung  
to feed the furrows,

manure, meanings.  
Hard being young  
in a thingly world  
all the names

to memorize,  
Hoe handle,  
.22 shells at  
beerbottle wall.

**Save me.  
I need to be again  
by the sea.  
And it needs me.**

**20 September 2015**

= = = = =

Hedge thorn  
glad boundaries  
to live  
by obstacle  
imposed  
or conquered  
over shadow Time  
the leaves  
look through.

21 September 2015



= = = = =

All round the property  
the sense of property.  
Look, don't touch.  
Sundial in the rain.  
Garden globe  
reflecting no one  
on every side.

21 September 2015

**= = = = =**

**If simple as  
heart stop beating  
there should be  
an app for that.**

**21.IX.15**

## **LLANTO**

**Pause the flow  
listen to Mozart  
backwards till  
The Middle Ages  
comeback again  
that never ended,  
girls on palfreys  
wolves at the gate.  
We're still just on  
the perimeter of  
Something Else  
that never comes.**

**21 September 2015**

## **THE KING**

**sent out men  
to chase the sunlight  
off his lawn.**

**Sent women to sew  
a silk and satin queen  
for him to wed  
while bishops wept,  
a new kind  
of human he wanted—**

**is that so much  
for a king to ask,  
new man new woman  
and a child  
born just from shadows  
cast by quiet trees?**

**Enough prodding,  
poking, enough of war.  
The sun at midnight  
gleams on his throne**

**and by its light  
all creatures see.**

**21 September 2015**

**= = = = =**

**Trees hurtling by—  
not a good sign.  
I can't be in my house,  
must be on the road**

**where trees rush past  
and turn into Town.  
Town is an uneasy thing,  
so much and so many  
all together, you can never  
feel at home in Town  
though trees are still here,  
quiet now, laughing at me  
in their ancient way.**

**21 September 2015  
Red Hook**

= = = = =

So if it were only me  
not the firemen at the station  
and the candystripers in long-term care  
the whistling produce man at the IGA—  
but it really is everyone  
and these meager worn-down words  
have to be supper for them all  
and they'll have to dream  
empty dreams tonight.  
O the responsibility of not keeping still.

21 September 2015

= = = = =

Waiting for the best time to change  
say something different.  
Expansion of oil over surfaces.  
Faces of swimmers oily with moonlight.  
Pool. Chains. Chairs. Carbon.  
We're getting there. Any minute  
your friend will get here you'd think.  
And then you'll see how difference tastes.

21 September 2015

= = = = =

*Spanish actions* —  
those minute advances  
over territorial borders  
by which language grows.

And yes, I am a patriot  
or more truly a matriot  
of language, my only  
country. Come live

with me where language  
can, and come again,  
and live a little longer  
than any one can.

22 September 2015



= = = = =

Spill the story  
I need o hear it  
from your pelvis  
broken zipper  
endless war

but not every break  
is bone, fill me,  
I am nothing  
but openness  
enduring absence

a little like you.

22 September 2015

## NIGHT THOUGHTS

An animal an anger  
immune system compromised  
we all have wombs  
we don't all know it

\*

you woke hungry  
and are me  
go downstairs where  
the lesbian shadows  
jeer at your leers  
your plans for dawn

\*

breakfast is far away  
everything you eat  
is an animal  
who eats you right back

\*

waking hungry though is better than dream  
the way dream is better than chemistry  
which unhinges the sky  
while you're being spelled out  
by somebody's sperm  
millions of years!  
mitochondria of our mothers  
makes us all Jewish  
and it's Yom Kippur  
I'm hungry I'm hungry

\*

so much religion  
is about not eating  
how weird, the wonder  
of all our notes

\*

certain words I've said too many times  
you know who I mean  
skate key lost, broken porch step  
we run away from each other a lot

\*

it's terrible to be together  
coffee can and flu shot  
no I mean the scorpion tattoo  
danger in the tail  
death by touch alone

\*

I'm not allowed to write  
to you in particular—  
you would understand  
and then I wouldn't be me anymore  
just some mere information,  
a shoelace on a beach,  
or a blue rubber flipflop  
left in a Swedish café.

\*

slip into the story  
like a stupid old tee shirt  
can't read the words on it  
holes show the nipples though  
it never really ends

\*

everything knows too much!  
even my body  
knows more than I do  
how dare there be hunger  
or thirst, justice or sleep

\*

aspirin crushed in your molars  
you consider swallowing something else  
to take the taste away  
but where is away anyhow  
and it hurts too much to heal

\*

torso means twist  
the stewardess's lips  
console the clouds outside  
I hate flying  
because it always goes  
elsewhere  
whereas I am here

\*

that's what sleep does  
it spills  
the story and you out of it  
you're hungry you want  
a hand to your mouth  
but not to bite  
yiu think there is a way  
of eating the dark.

22/23 September 2015

= = = = =

**What is this business of telling the truth  
this daytime religion?**

**In sdream there were four of them  
identical in form  
varying in behavior.**

**Only the upper body present  
and only one of them behaved  
at all —- the others mute, attentive.**

**The one who spoke declared  
the ordinary lunacy of poetry  
friendship logic gossip.**

**Rhen we were all silent together,  
no truth anywhere for miles.**

**23 September 2015**

= = = = =

Recover the strange  
house when I wrote such things  
the bud vase the hydrangea  
the bad bone.

Then hear  
the silence I was hearing then,  
the liberty all round the house,  
only this one little lightbulb on

and it knew enough to show me  
what I was thinking  
or what thought me  
at such an hour  
when the foxes are asleep.

23 September 2015



= = = = =

Everyone's going  
to be late for work  
because there are roses  
still on the bush.  
Or because a thin  
veil of cloud still  
lets through the blue.  
Or the roads are clear,  
too clear,  
like cunning salesmen  
using (abusing)  
the rational mind.

23 September 2015

= = = = =

Deer day again  
quadruped animal of me

they used the same word  
for a horse when a horse  
showed up,

came on a ship  
and people rode on its back  
Nobody rides on a deer—  
so who am I?

24 September 2015

**= = = = =**

**(How to be wrong:  
learn a fancy word every day  
and use it often  
so people know  
you're an uneducated babu.)**

**24.IX.15**

**= = = = =**

**The beautiful autumn day  
turns out to be have Sun in it,  
cool trees, blue breeze.  
Cars pass, middle distance,  
don't stop.**

**24 September 2015**

= = = = =

All the edges  
come together  
from variety  
a sphere is formed.  
Seeds inside it  
rattle even when  
the globe is still.  
There must be a wind  
inside, then.  
There must be something  
inside makes us move.

25 September 2015

## **FLOWER ARRANGEMENT**

**The flowers blaze  
with darkness —  
green petals, green leaves  
here and there a purple  
blossom like a beastly  
face looks out  
ready to fly, cry,  
flee from the congeries  
in which we live.  
We are mysterious flowers  
from a jungle we entirely forgot.**

**25 September 2015**

= = = = =

In plain sight of the encyclopedia  
I walked a curious shadow  
on a slender line of leash  
as another man might  
walk a dog. The shadow  
frisked a little on its silent way,  
licked the calves of a passing girl  
who looked at me funny-like  
but didn't know what to say.  
What *do* you say to  
a man with a shadow on the \_\_\_\_  
nothing is predictable anymore—  
look it up if you don't believe me.

25 September 2015

= = = = =

Being early enough to be ordinary  
—wind in the trees —  
catching a glimpse of her  
roaming the park,  
the white deer of Barrytown  
still a fawn almost  
—is that a sacred tree  
alone in the far meadow  
or is every? —  
when land has been owned so long  
it tends to break free,  
belong to everyone.  
(He scribbled in moonlight  
hoped he could read by day)  
yes we are at the mercy of inscription  
the Thing from Egypt  
found the American girl  
—things scribble messages in us  
our limbs try to read.  
Karma just means doing something  
and something done always bears result.



**Things find us,  
but the white fawn runs away.**

**26 September 2015**

**= = = = =**

**Tocsin. Nobody knows  
what noise means.  
I don't want to think  
about this. I want  
\_\_\_\_ thing to think me.  
Mississippi. Something  
I have barely seen.  
The terrible way  
water looks like water.  
Hudson. Humber  
O moon you old lighthouse,  
you still know how to mean.**

**26 September 2015**

**= = = = =**

**If I were a cloud  
would you be my sky?  
Don't mean to be pushy  
but I've got to be somewhere.  
And you're the only there there is.**

**26 September 2015**

= = = = =

*Pur dicesti boca boca bella*  
on my mind for days,  
why, MacCormack singing it —

boca, boca bella

stare at the pretty mouth  
until you hear it speak.

Sing. You never know until.

26 September 2015

**C:\Users\Cloudconvert\Server\Files\118\347\1\D9de6d52-D316-4f2e-9fff-6f7abe735efc\Convertdoc.Input.657040.Xc6hk.Docx 131**

= = = = =

It seems such a long time  
since this month began—  
a decade of my life  
has ended and begun,  
births and mortalities,  
words shed like tears  
over the unavailing,  
the rocky road towards  
a doubtful place all  
shadows and rumors.  
Steadily we talk ourselves  
forward, if that is the actual  
direction, the moving,  
and all the while the beauty,  
the wind in the trees.

26 September 2015

## **AUTUMN DAY**

**What**

**should someone like you  
be doing on a day like this?  
Autumning. Sundaying  
with Emily in green leaves  
so bitter if you chew them.**

**Don't chew them.  
Let the day pass  
with love and learning  
like all the rest.  
And forgetting —  
don't forget forgetting.**

**27 September 2015**

= = = = =

The stuff inside  
that make the muscles work.  
And inside them  
another well-spring surely,  
a quiet crystal  
such as in my grandfather's time  
men teased with a cat's  
whisker to make the distance speak,  
just learn to hear that now,  
no earphone, no cat,  
just purest listening.

27 September 2015

**HOW OLD ARE YOU?**

**Old enough to know better.**

**Say that in numbers.**

**I can't count that far or so slow.**

**Should I guess for you?**

**Go ahead, they're your fingers.**

**I'd say you were 101.**

**Sounds like a class in Psychology.**

**Maybe you need one.**

**You surely do —**

**Why do you say that?**

**Oh I guess just to annoy you.**

**Why would you want to do that?**

**Because any question, by its nature, is aggression.**

**I never thought of that— and aren't there exceptions?**

**Evidently not.**



**27 September 2015**

**= = = = =**

**Spendthrift joggers  
using it all up,  
her ponytail flying backwards  
dog easy at her heels.**

**27 September 2015**

= = = = =

**This thing with the moon  
tonight, who did it,  
and why does that red  
remainder up there  
accuse me as it does?  
I looked up through trees  
and felt guilty — this  
is somehow my fault.  
All of me's fault. What  
have I done to the moon?**

**27 September 2015**

= = = = =

Daring the moon to come back  
white man in the sky  
how we doubt

details devils us.

The broad picture should be a placid  
unsmiling nineteenth century gentleman  
like H. James in Sargent's portrait  
all the agony inside,

a pale brow  
moon uneclipsed over some trees.

28 September 2015

**= = = = =**

**Can that really be  
the end of anything?  
I have asked my last question —  
or have I?**

**28.IX.15**

**= = = = =**

**If I were at the middle of something  
what a thing it would be!  
All middle and no roses,  
cheese and no crackers,  
cathedrals sans a single priest.**

**28 September 2015**

= = = = =

Can a headache  
have a hero?  
Lead the pain  
across the brow  
and out onto the soon  
afternoon air  
where breezes cure it,  
dispersing the *word*  
*that hurts* inot  
the going away  
that is heaven?

28 September 2015

= = = = =

No one comes, no one goes.  
There is a subway running,  
hot air billows up  
through ventilation shafts.  
I would call this a dream  
if I were sleeping.

28.IX.15

**DREAM 2:38 AM**

**I drink some water and rush to the post office. It is just 5:00 PM — two of the windows close as I run in, one is still open. The man kindly brings my mail.**

**He puts it down on the steel counter and lights incense or something. There is a weird smell, and suddenly I am very glad to have come to the mid-point of this ocean, where I know no one and no one knows me.**

**The mailman is going through my letters, opening some and discarding some and stacking others neatly. After a while he gives me that stack.**

**I leave, not certain I have everything I should have. I hear strange noises and wake in a silent house.**

**28/29 September 2015**



**= = = = =**

**Meeting myself  
after a long time away.  
What manner of word  
have I spoken?  
And to whom?**

**28/29 sept 2015**

= = = = =

**Sometimes it's too quiet.  
The interior of the body  
roars. Trains go by  
inside me. A cloud  
bursts as I breathe.  
All of these noises  
come from me.  
Is this true  
for the world too?**

**28/29 September 2015**

= = = = =

A very long week iy was  
and Chicago further away.  
Television was no good  
as usual, everything  
looked the same, Car ads  
and not one of them took  
me anywhere. Even  
Friday seemed by Monday  
impossibly long ago.  
Why do all those people  
have the same faces?  
The ships have so sails at all  
why are they skipping along  
on that dull grey sea?  
Forgive me, ocean, it's not  
your fault, it's the light,  
the sky, my eyes. Not much  
actually works. Only time,  
death's faithful sheepdog,  
nipping at our heels. Onward,  
we cry, cheeks messy with tears.

29 September 2015

**C:\Users\Cloudconvert\Server\Files\118\347\1\D9de6d52-D316-4f2e-9fff-6f7abe735efc\Convertdoc.Input.657040.Xc6hk.Docx 147**

= = = = =

I am the little boy  
with the chemistry set in the cellar  
I am watching the 1950  
World Series on a pop-up  
mirror TV in the library  
of Brooklyn Prep (now  
Medgar Evers College).  
What else am I?  
Am I lying in a small monk's cell  
no books, white walls,  
toilet handy, cellphone  
on the floor beside  
my narrow bed? I think  
the past is the future again.

29 September 2015

## TO THE ROSE OF SHARON BY THEPORCH

Pale flowers,  
please be here  
still pink in October  
when I need you.  
Your hummingbirds have all gone  
south I suppose  
but I still love you.  
Only a few more days  
please. See,  
it's warm today, muggy,  
you like that,  
maybe there'll even be  
some rain. Let's  
stick it out together—  
color is forever.

29 September 2015

= = = = =

*for Laura Battle*

Drafting (rafting)  
into the distance  
to make the moment  
longer (linger)  
I call on Laura  
for her walnut ink.  
And me too, I  
am pigment mostly  
maybe useful  
if you are a wall  
or canvas though  
not if not. I color  
things that happen  
near me, but things  
to me I mute with one  
neutral tone of grey  
called Irish Silence  
leaned it from my mother  
tears unremarked  
in such pale eyes.  
But I started this to praise  
how great trees give  
ink. I had one once

a storm blew down,  
its green pebbly golfballs  
scattered on the lawn,  
still have some of them  
dried out now, still potent  
with that inmost dye,  
the very stuff Sir  
Richard Francis Burton  
used to dark his skin with  
when he crept into  
forbidden Mecca—  
it lasted for months.  
I'll call you later,  
Laura, I need  
some ink that lasts  
longer than the meager  
meanings in my head  
I think I'm thinking  
when I write thigs down.

30 September 2015



= = = = =

Prayers softer than hours  
available others.  
How long can one word  
last between friends?  
Illness tends to remember  
us but we not it—  
doesn't even sound like English  
that's why it's a song  
or at least a sorrow—  
here, play it on your lute,  
I haven't strung mine  
in four hundred years.

30 September 2015

= = = = =

**Something spoken  
something held back.**

**Language is a court of law  
and we without a lawyer.**

**We plead our case  
and are reckoned guilty**

**every one. The words  
are not deceived.**

**They know what  
we really mean.**

**The judges frown  
in their unbroken sleep.**

**30 September 2015**

*[Charlotte found his text from febB2012]*

## WAITING IN THE TIME

Waiting is various isn't it or not  
depending on a woman or the soul

quiet eighth floor salon where furs are sold  
counting from Babylon the great outward

how many towns before the sea's  
sleek sumptuous vocabulary

words are the edges of experience  
dogfight over the moon nouns are tatters

I have done this to my mind for your sake  
gutted envelope with the priest's address

no story here only a lock of hair  
who had me when I was me  
give yourself to someone one whole day  
young women go away come back as young women

feast of Pentecost the red-silk feast of waiting  
everything is waiting didn't you know

every line is an open door

myths are the mycelia of mind  
go on forever every neuron more intricate  
a net to catch thee in

send thee sprawling on my satin equinox  
always a leaf left somewhere on the tree

you understand each minute but the hour's lost  
amounting to an upstream plod

a hidden source

can't wait for waiting takes too long

there were no edges on the apple he gave her

by the time we got there it was gone

a child wakes up eager for his toys

deep secrets of human poetry

if an animal comes in the light goes out

no structure here a tune of follicles

even I a gap for some you to plummet

make all verbs transitive and then be me

waiting is made of nine parts soul

the klezmer band is sleeping in the park

shadow moves in sunny woods

broken fixture in the hallway risk

dominating cardinal bird insistent  
space is space and never nay me

or noonday riot of the finches  
each hour shriveleth the rest  
Sarpedon a fixture of exchange

people who study money are part of the problem  
they're just impoverished plutocrats at heart  
they valorize the weapon of the enemy  
old gold coins and chains and quiet fingertips

the world has no back to turn on you  
a formless mass like fresh curd forming

I will be any shape you require  
I will enter every door  
I will wait outside your every window

I will be fire in your winter

I will be rain when you sow your seed

I will be night to snatch your day away

I will be shaman to concoct your dream  
and you will live me ever after

not afraid of making up the truth  
language by its nature is just about you

you are the part of language that knows how to answer  
too many rabbits and not enough islands  
with eyes neither open nor shut

two trees from one root shape a V

this is the secret index the alchemy of alchemy

light chiseled down to a hidden point  
do you think light wounds the earth

you know the answer always does  
bird on the roof in the house of Atreus

I woke up and was Orestes soon  
peddling my story to the papers  
for there were readers on the earth in those days

dense foliage around the little fountain  
from these stones the great Danube flows

pray to the river to take me away  
for every man wounds his mother

then I was black in Lindenwood  
and never told my parents who I am  
still trying to be worth the birth they gave me

fontanelles and forceps and a cry at noon  
so much suffering to make one of us.



**C:\Users\Cloudconvert\Server\Files\118\347\1\D9de6d52-D316-4f2e-9fff-6f7abe735efc\Convertdoc.Input.657040.Xc6hk.Docx 160**

***5 February 2012 / rev'd 30 September 2015***

*[Charlotte found his text from febB2012]*

## WAITING IN THE TIME

Waiting is various isn't it or not  
depending on a woman or the soul

quiet eighth floor salon where furs are sold  
counting from Babylon the great outward

how many towns before the sea's  
sleek sumptuous vocabulary

words are the edges of experience  
dogfight over the moon nouns are tatters

I have done this to my mind for your sake  
gutted envelope with the priest's address

no story here only a lock of hair  
who had me when I was me

give yourself to someone one whole day

young women go away come back as young women

feast of Pentecost the red-silk feast of waiting

everything is waiting didn't you know

every line is an open door

myths are the mycelia of mind

go on forever every neuron more intricate

a net to catch thee in

send thee sprawling on my satin equinox

always a leaf left somewhere on the tree

you understand each minute but the hour's lost

amounting to an upstream plod

a hidden source

can't wait for waiting takes too long

there were no edges on the apple he gave her  
by the time we got there it was gone

a child wakes up eager for his toys  
deep secrets of human poetry

if an animal comes in the light goes out  
no structure here a tune of follicles  
even I a gap for some you to plummet

make all verbs transitive and then be me

waiting is made of nine parts soul  
the klezmer band is sleeping in the park

shadow moves in sunny woods  
broken fixture in the hallway risk

dominating cardinal bird insistent  
space is space and never nay me

or noonday riot of the finches  
each hour shriveleth the rest  
Sarpedon a fixture of exchange

people who study money are part of the problem  
they're just impoverished plutocrats at heart  
they valorize the weapon of the enemy  
old gold coins and chains and quiet fingertips

the world has no back to turn on you  
a formless mass like fresh curd forming

I will be any shape you require  
I will enter every door  
I will wait outside your every window

I will be fire in your winter  
I will be rain when you sow your seed  
I will be night to snatch your day away

I will be shaman to concoct your dream  
and you will live me ever after

not afraid of making up the truth  
language by its nature is just about you

you are the part of language that knows how to answer  
too many rabbits and not enough islands  
with eyes neither open nor shut

two trees from one root shape a V

this is the secret index the alchemy of alchemy

light chiseled down to a hidden point  
do you think light wounds the earth

you know the answer always does  
bird on the roof in the house of Atreus

I woke up and was Orestes soon  
peddling my story to the papers  
for there were readers on the earth in those days

dense foliage around the little fountain  
from these stones the great Danube flows

pray to the river to take me away  
for every man wounds his mother

then I was black in Lindenwood  
and never told my parents who I am  
still trying to be worth the birth they gave me

fontanelles and forceps and a cry at noon  
so much suffering to make one of us.

*5 February 2012 / rev'd 30 September 2015*